

CURTIS

02193
THE DEADLY
HANDS OF
KUNG FU
OCT. #3
75¢



NO MAN CAN STAND AGAINST...

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU

SHANG-CHI

THE MIGHTIEST
MARTIAL-ARTS
MASTER OF ALL

OFFBEAT BONUS!

SAMURAI
IN THE CINEMA

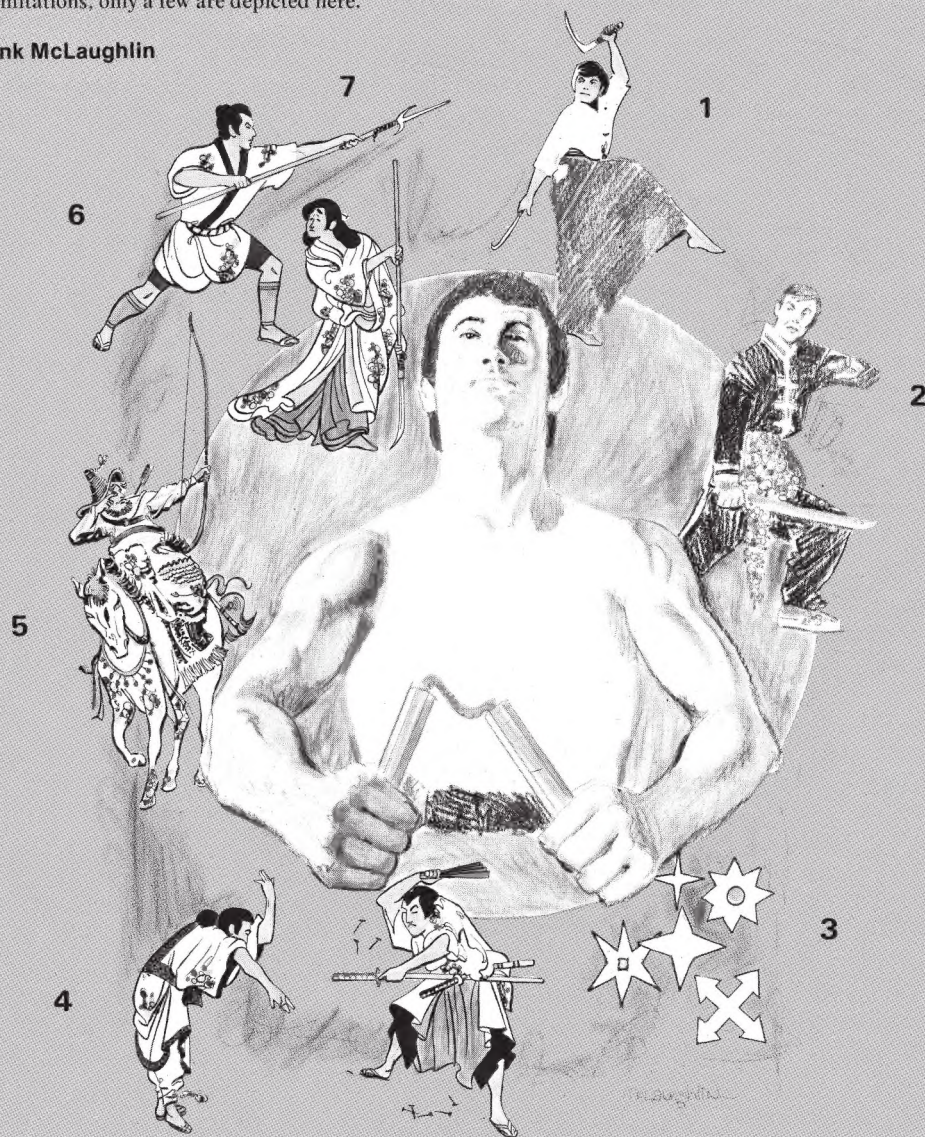
PHOTOS, FEATURES, AND
STEEL-SMASHING ACTION STRIPS

MARVEL

Ancient Oriental Weaponry

Many of the weapons shown below were originally farm tools, used by rebellious peasants who had no other offensive or defensive weaponry. Using whatever was at hand, they devised elaborate defensive systems to defeat the land barons or foreign invaders who threatened them. Hundreds of weapons—of all sizes and shapes—were developed, but due to space limitations, only a few are depicted here.

by Frank McLaughlin



Reading clockwise from the top:

- 1) A *Kata* being performed with a pair of sickles, first used by peasants as a tool to cut their wheat for harvest.
- 2) A Chinese *kung fu* form using a hand-forged sword.
- 3) A variety of *shuriken*—a circular blade thrown with great accuracy.
- 4) Ancient paintings often depict the use of various weapons of that—or preceding—historical periods.

Here, the defending figure is using an *iron fan* to deflect metal spikes thrown by his assailant.

- 5) *Yabusame*: the Japanese version mounted archery.
- 6) A living defender uses an *Okinawan Sai* tied to the of a pole to protect himself against a sword-wielding soldier.
- 7) And, finally, we see a seven-foot long *Naginata*, a popular weapon of the Japanese Samurai (warrior).

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

Vol.1, No. 5 October, 1974

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU



CONTENTS

THE WAY OF THE TIGER 4
Martial Arts mouthings from our energetic Editor.

SHANG-CHI: TWO GOALS TO SEEK,
ONE PATH TO GLORY 5
In Hollywood, the son of Fu Manchu finds danger, intrigue,
and his oldest friend—a Kung Fu movie star who must
choose between Shang-Chi's death or his own!

ENTER THE LETTERS 20
Your comments on our thunder-fisted third issue!

KUNG FU VS. KARATE: WHICH IS BETTER? 22
An illustrated fact feature by our resident judomaster,
instructor Frank McLaughlin.

LIGHTNING SWORDS OF DEATH 26
Samurai in the cinema—in this Martial Arts movie review.

THE CASKET OF HSIEN-HANG 35
The young warrior was charged with an awesome task. The
assassins were charged with his death. A Deadly Hands
comics bonus!

K'ING KUNG FU 42
There's a new star on the paperback book racks, the karate-
skilled Son of the Flying Tiger. Read about him here!

THE BLITZKRIEG OF BATROC 49
Think Shang-Chi was Marvel's first Martial Arts battler? Wait
until you see the Leaper—in a Marvel Comics classic!

ROY THOMAS
Editor-in-Chief

TONY ISABELLA
Editor

MARY WOLFMAN
Consulting Editor

JOHN ROMITA
Art Director

MARCIA GLOSTER
Design

LEN GROW
Production

BARBARA ALTMAN & NORA MACLIN
Design Assistants

JOHN RYAN
Director of Circulation

Cover: BOB LARKIN

Editorial Staff: CHRIS CLAREMONT,
SCOTT EDELMAN, DAVID KRAFT, DON
MCGREGOR, IRENE VARTANOFF,
MICHELE WOLFMAN

Writers This Issue: CHRIS CLAREMONT,
DAVID KRAFT, STAN LEE, FRANK
McLAUGHLIN, DOUG MOENCH, MARY
SKRENES

Artists This Issue: MIKE ESPOSITO,
FRANK GIACOIA, PAUL GULACY,
JACK KIRBY, FRANK McLAUGHLIN,
BOB McLEOD, KEITH POLLARD,
DUFFY VOHLAND, RON WILSON

The Way of the Tiger

Editorial-type words by Tony Isabella

We talked about challenges last time around. Specifically, the challenges inherent in editing this magazine. Consider this a progress report of sorts.

Some of the challenges have been met. I am both impressed and delighted with the work being done here on the SHANG-CHI strip by Doug Moench, Mike Vosberg, and (this issue) Keith Pollard. The illustrated fact features Frank McLaughlin's been contributing are proving so popular that, starting this issue, Frank will also have the inside front cover to play around with—entertaining and likewise informing us as he does so. And we all know how popular our articles are.

Some of the challenges must still be met. We've been having problems with THE SONS OF THE TIGER series. When Gerry Conway and Dick Giordano left the strip because of other commitments, we were left without a writer or artist. That's why the Sons are missing from

this issue. However, they *will* be back in issue #6, scripted by Jim Dennis (author of Award Books' fast-moving *Kung Fu Master: Richard Dragon* series) and drawn by—well, to be perfectly honest, we don't have an artist yet. Even as I write these words, several people are being considered. You can bet I'll grab the best available. Because it's my name that goes on the masthead and that byline makes me ultimately responsible for the quality of this mag's contents.

While the Tiger's Sons are getting it together, we've got two other action features lined up to entertain you, opening with the first Kung Fu horror story we've ever attempted. And following that up with a classic confrontation between Captain America and one of our first Martial Arts warriors, Batroc the Leaper—master of the French combat style called *savate*.

All in all, not a bad issue. Enjoy.

—T.I.

Bulletins from the Bullpen

ITEM! As you *read* these words, most of you have already bid fond farewells to your summer vacations. But as we *write* these words, the members of the Marvel editorial staff are just packing their bags for a few weeks' rest from their creative labors. If you add up their plans, the gang's going to be hitting just about every region of the U.S. of A. Editor-in-Chief ROY THOMAS (with Wife-in-Chief JEAN THOMAS) will be winging his way west to sunny California. MARV and MICHELE WOLFMAN (along with LEN and GLYNIS WEIN) will be leaving on a 2-week camping trip which will cover Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Washington, D.C. (where the World Science-Fiction Convention will be held). TONY ISABELLA, after returning to his native Ohio for the wedding of an old pal (Congratulations to Mike and Angela Hudak) will head up to Michigan to visit a couple of newlyweds whose recent wedding he unfortunately missed (Likewise, Rob and Cathy Maisch) and, from there, to a convention down in Louisiana, before meeting the afore-mentioned Junior Woodchucks in D.C. Meanwhile, DON MCGREGOR has just returned from Hawaii and DAVE KRAFT just left (as we write this sentence) for North Dakota. Lest we forget, IRENE VARTANOFF's been weekendening in Cape Cod. If we didn't hit your state this summer, don't feel bad. There's always next year!

ITEM! Not all of our bashful Bullpenners were exactly vacationing, though. As we mentioned in SAVAGE TALES #6, TONY DeZUNIGA was hit by a kidney ailment from which he has since happily recovered; but not before spending a few weeks in the hospital. DOUG MOENCH and BILLY GRAHAM (the creative team who began the Gabriel strip in THE HAUNT OF HORROR) both ended up in the hospital on the *same* day for minor ailments. We're not saying their illness was in any way related to the nature of the Gabriel series, but we're glad *we* don't have to produce the strip! Both are up and around and turning out Marvel masterpieces by the fistful, we're happy to report.

ITEM! Let's have a hearty Bullpen welcome for Bedazzlin' BARBARA ALTMAN, the latest addition to our dynamic

design department. Barbara joins MARCIA GLOSTER and NORA MACLIN, much to the delight of Production Potentate LEN GROW, who shares an office with the three ladies. Good to have you aboard, Barbara...even if you won't tell us what you did *before* coming to Marvel.

ITEM! Everybody's talking about the startling changes Marvel-ous MARV WOLFMAN is making in DRACULA LIVES and VAMPIRE TALES. First, he's switching *Lilith* (the Daughter of Dracula) to her pop's mag. That way, there's room for another great series to join *Blade* and *Morbius* in VAMPIRE TALES. So look out for *Hannibal King*, *Vampire Detective* by LEN WEIN and FRANK THORNE. He's coming



your way soon! (P.S.: And look for some double and triple-length stories in upcoming issues of DRACULA LIVES!)

ITEM! Just enough space left to bring you up to date on our newest magazine projects. IRON FIST (starring the costumed Kung Fu character who's taken our color comics by storm) has been delayed a month to insure its premiere issue being every page the blockbuster we want it to be. So look for it in November. WORLDS UNKNOWN is nearing completion. We're just waiting for a production date on this, Marvel's premiere science-fiction magazine. And the MARVEL PREVIEW book is set for November release with its lead entry, the brain-boggling MAN-GODS FROM BEYOND SPACE. One last note: by popular demand, Doc Savage lives again! But wait'll you see the format he's coming back to the newsstands in! Wow!

ITEM! No more news this time, but here's a list of Marvel mags on sale this month!

DRACULA LIVES #9: Four great stories! Four great artists! Starring the most famous vampire in all literature! Perhaps the one single issue of a magazine you can't afford to miss!

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #5: Shang-Chi, Master of Kung Fu, is forced to choose between "Two Goals To Seek/One Path to Glory" as he once more battles the assassins of Fu Manchu. Plus: the Martial Arts mauler called Batroc, photos, features, and more!

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #8: A Zombie stalks the suburbs! See Simon Garth, the Man Without a Soul, face "A Death Made of Ticky-Tacky". Plus: stories and articles from the realm of Voodoo and black magic!

THE HAUNT OF HORROR #4: Two stories starring Satana, the Devil's Daughter! A tale of eerie exorcism with Gabriel, Devil-Hunter! A pin-up poster of Gabriel by Neal Adams! And that's not all!

SAVAGE TALES #7: Ka-Zar, Lord of the Hidden Jungle, stars in two all-new adventures! Brak the Barbarian makes his pulse-pounding premiere! Adventuredom's biggest bargain—and we did it all for you, tiger!

Ciao!



SHANG-CHI, MASTER OF KUNG FU!

TWO GOALS TO SEEK / ONE PATH TO GLORY

"I HAVE SPENT THE LAST TWO DAYS IN THIS CITY CALLED **LOS ANGELES**, LEARNING THAT WHILE IT *DIFFERS* FROM NEW YORK..."

"BEYOND THE THICK, HARSH TASTE OF THE **AIR**, THE DAY IS *PLEASANT*..."

...IT IS NO LESS *STRANGE*.

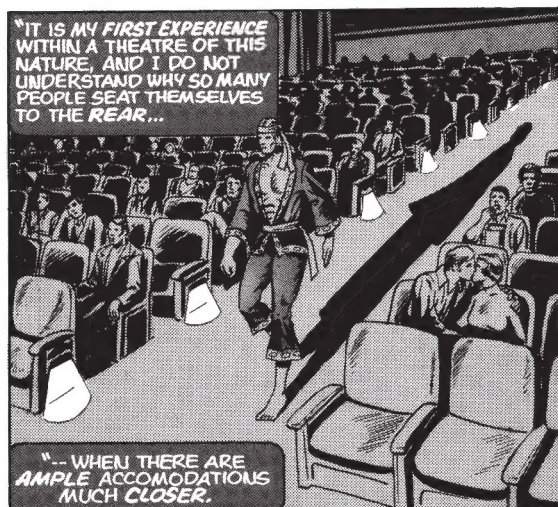
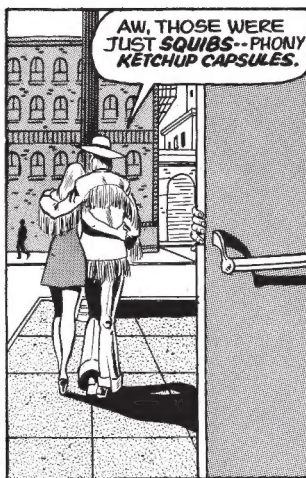
"...AND YET I WOULD *PASS* IT WITHIN THE DARKNESS OF THIS **THEATRE**."

"I AM AWARE THAT THE WESTERN WORLD IS PRESENTLY ENGAGED IN A FANATICAL **OBSESSION** WITH THE **MARTIAL ARTS**. BUT WHILE '**MOVIES**' DEVOTED TO THE SUBJECT **FOURISH**, I HAVE NOT YET VIEWED ONE FOR MYSELF."

"I FIND THE **ADVERTISING DISPLAY** FOR THIS PARTICULAR **MOVIE**... *INTRIGUING*.
I DECIDE TO--"

FISTS OF HATE
BLAZING MARTIAL ARTS ACTION

AMBASSADOR
STUDIOS CORP.





"BUT WAIT."

"THE PRINCIPAL ACTOR EXHIBITS HIGHLY ADVANCED SKILL..."



"...AND WOULD PURSUE MORE THAN ILLUSION."

"IT IS CLEAR THAT HE, AT LEAST, IS NOT CONCERNED WITH PORTRAYING VIOLENCE IN A HUMOROUS MANNER..."



"...FOR HIS FACE IS RULED BY HATRED."



"...!"

"HIS FACE..."



"...THE FACE OF KWAI LOO..."

"... HE WHO I HAVE LAST SEEN IN THE CONTEST HALL OF--"



"-- MY FATHER, FU MANCHU."

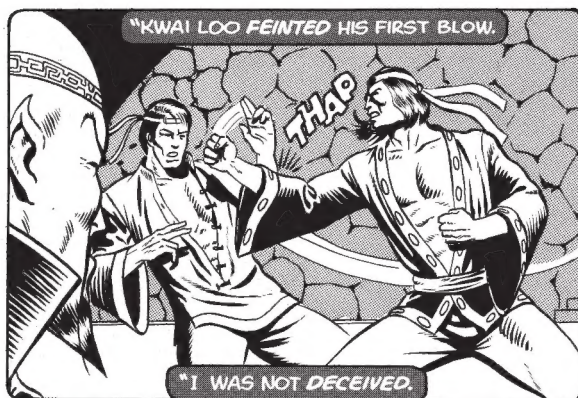
IT IS AN HONOR TO FACE YOU IN THIS CONTEST, KWAI LOO.

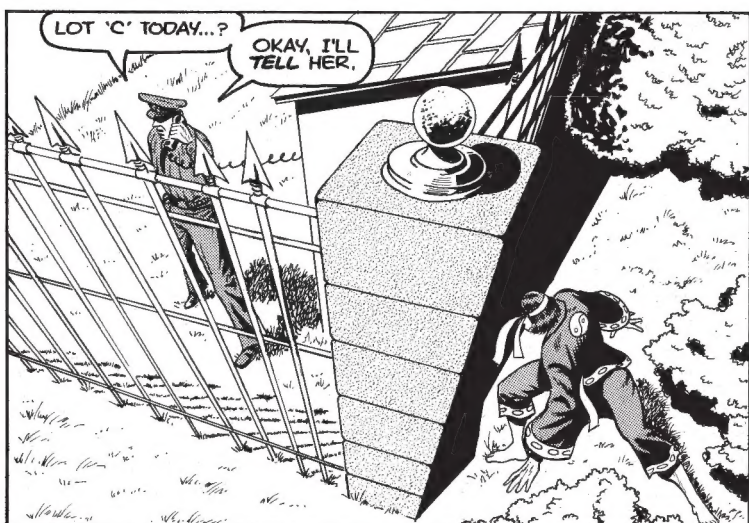
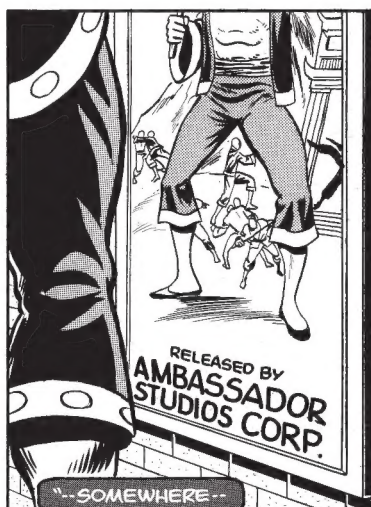
YOU WILL NOT THINK SO WHEN THE CONTEST HAS ENDED, SHANG-CHI.

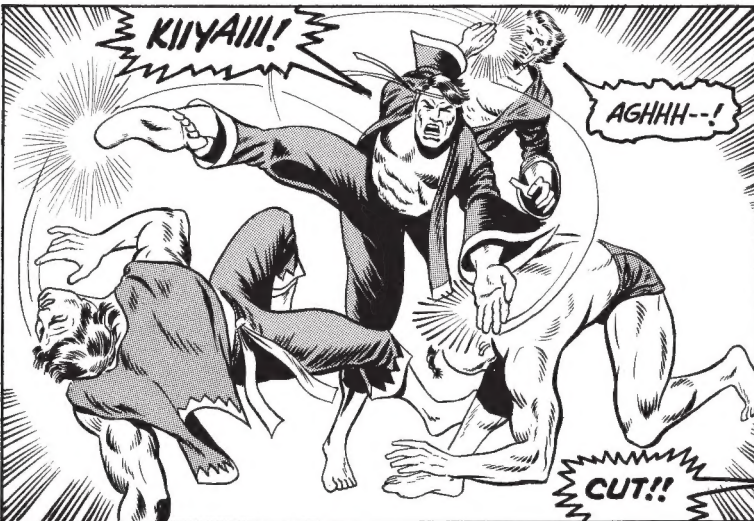
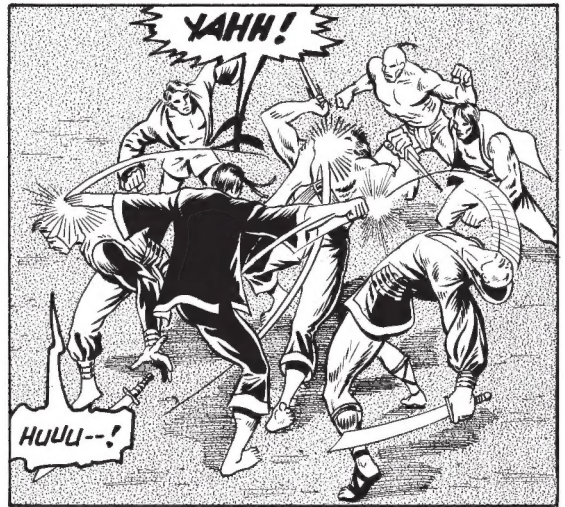
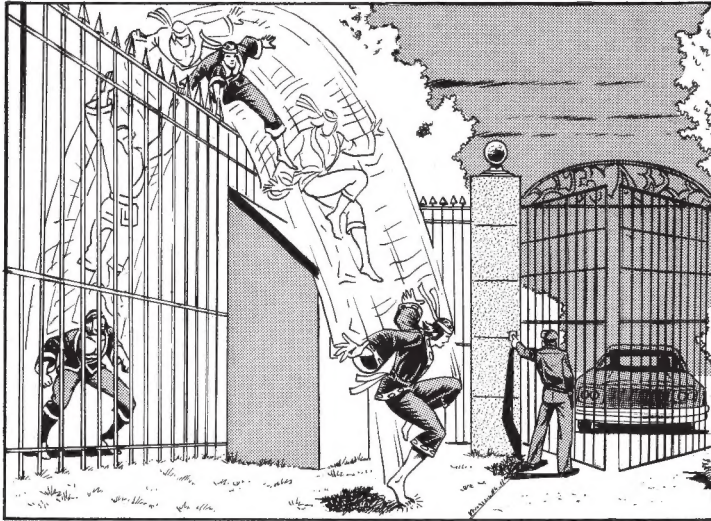


SILENCE. WORDS HAVE NO PLACE IN A CHALLENGE OF SKILL.

LET THE CONTEST BEGIN.

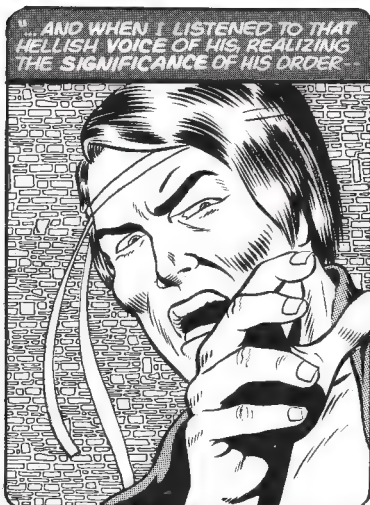
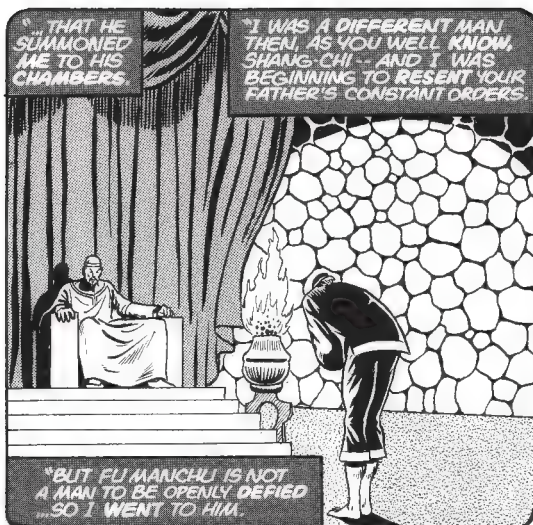


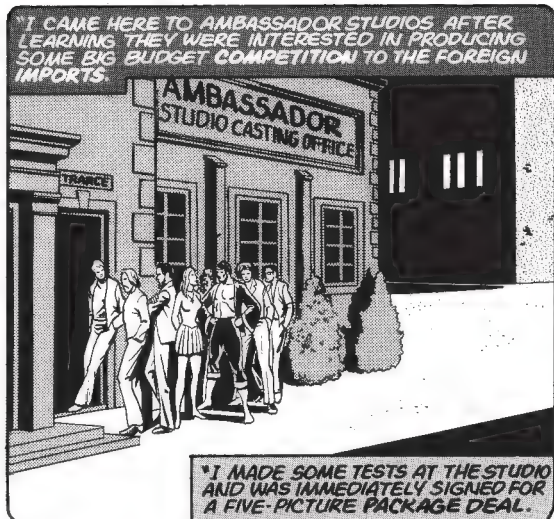






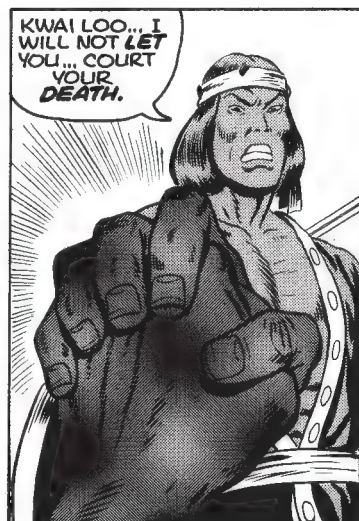
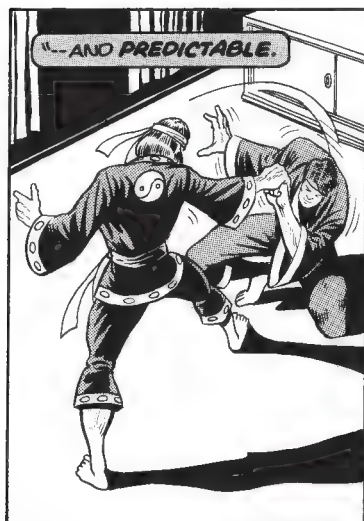
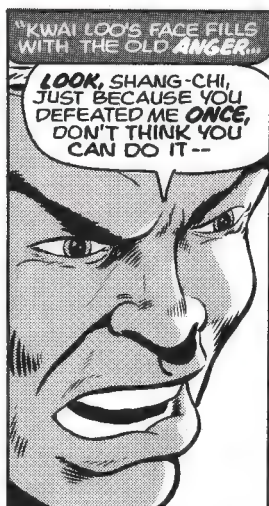


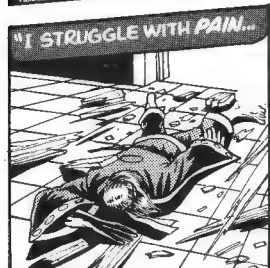


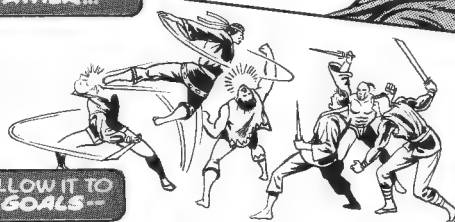














Words of wisdom, *karataka*: Sometime when you're reading one of our multifarious magazines, only to be stopped dead in your eyetracks by a story or feature that knocks you out—or vice versa, by one that leaves you wondering what happened to our marbles—stop and think. Just a moment. This may not be the most original revelation of the week, but all readers are *not* alike. If you doubt, just check out the divergence of opinion that follows about *Deadly Hands* #3... then come join us, won't you, at our Honan, China, retreat where we'll all quietly go berserk together. Or, to put it more succinctly: YAAAAIEE!!

Dear Sirs,

I begin to notice something about the "Sons of the Tiger" series. Let's see. The bit about the opium is from FISTS OF FURY (fantastic little film, that); the bit about the teacher dying is from THE CHINESE CONNECTION; and the three heroes—Chinese, black and white—come from ENTER THE DRAGON. You may not have meant it as such, but admit it, the similarities are there.

I enjoyed the article on BLACK BELT JONES, but must say that I turned against Jim Kelly when I read that he had an Ali-like personality. Sorry, but that's the way I feel.

On to Angela Mao. I've not seen any of her flicks, but John Warner paints a pretty picture of her. That one segment of ENTER was good, though, and I can remember breaking out into laughter over it. Of course, my laughter subsided when she killed herself. I'm not sadistic.

Mr. McGregor continues his review of ENTER THE DRAGON, and I finally really liked something in this ish. Everything before was nice, but this was fantastic. Except the mistakes of course.

For example, Lee did not fight Oharra the same day Saxon fought in the tournament, the girls did not make their rounds the first night on the island, Lee's rope was cut the second time he went into Han's domain, and Williams did recognize Lee as "the human fly." I believe that Mr. McGregor, whom I admire anyway, will recall this if he will just try.

A few suggestions in dealing with your comic Martial Arts heroes: those fights just don't look good. Art is just too slow for the quick fighting sequences that go into the movies. Personally, I wouldn't mind if you did away with the comic features and added more movie reviews. How about more on Barry Chan?

If you must keep the comics, then have your heroes battle more villains at once. In ENTER THE DRAGON's biggest fight scene—Lee against the guards—Lee fought and defeated more men than Shang Chi has done in all of the comics he has appeared in! I'm probably exaggerating a bit, but heck, that's what these films are all about!

In your "Enter the Letters" column, Lorenz

Menrath said that there was too much written material in your mags and that more comics would be preferable. I must take issue. The best parts are the written pieces. They, more than anything else, keep me buying.

Ronnie Blair
713 School Road
Cumberland, KY

First, we politely bow three times in your direction and fire up a joss stick, Mr. Blair—then we commence our humble response. You're right, there are resemblances between certain aspects of our "Sons of the Tiger" series and some of the Kung Fu films. This owes to the fact that there are so many of those blamed fast-action flicks that it's almost impossible to avoid at least paralleling one or another of them at some point in a continuing feature the nature of "Sons." And we're not denying that on occasion they may provide a spark of inspiration; however, to get on to another of your suggestions, about having more foe-crowded battle scenes, it may very well be "what these films are all about," yet *DEADLY HANDS* is a magazine, and as such we have been trying to place more concentration on well-paced, more fully-rounded stories. It is here, we think, that one-against-one struggles assume more dramatic proportions, more real impact, than grand but ultimately meaningless hordes of fast-footed hombies in continual conflict.

Whew! But heck, Ronnie, don't feel as if we're puttin' you down, cause we're not; it's just an explanation of our thinking. And, as usual, if enough of you handy-dandy Marvelmaniacs request it, we'll be happy to turn right around and march the other way.

As for Don McGregor, wee fellow that he is, the Dauntless One has been stumbling around the bullpen with a hand put to his forehead, mumbling something about a spell of temporary amnesia and an insidious plot. We think he's just trying to cover up for falling asleep during those parts of the movie!

Actually, Don has a few arguments. He says that if *you* really try, you'll recall that the girls *do* come around the first night, the rope *was* cut the first

time, and Lee *did* fight Oharra the same day. At least, he *thinks* so—if you want to know the truth, your letter pitched the entire bullpen into debate... and by the time it was over, *all* of us were mumbling about temporary amnesia and insidious plots!

Dear Marvel:

I know that the title is *THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU*. This is all right. Kung Fu is a legitimate Martial Art, reputedly the predecessor of Japanese and Korean karate. Presented as it really is, it's a highly fascinating and engrossing subject. But your magazines (the color *IRON FIST* and *SHANG-CHI* included), although well scripted, seem to be following the standard of the Manchurian circuit Kung Fu movies that are dubbed and in general release all around the country.

This is okay for now, but you can only see so much action before it bores you to tears and you end up dying for a little plot. *ENTER THE DRAGON* was the first of what I hope are a long line of films dealing realistically with the Martial Arts. Now don't get me wrong. There has to be an aura of mysticism, but unless it's backed by solid facts, the effect becomes ludicrous. (Such as the mile-high jumping in the movies, or your own "Sons of the Tiger" story where Lin Sun delivers a jump-spinning sidekick through the window of a fast-moving car. Really now. How would you be able to recoil and get out of the way in time?)

Which brings us down to the question of research. This magazine, although a quality magazine, is basically written by a bunch of Martial Arts fans. What you could do is have your staff totally research the different styles of the Martial Arts, and give your heroes specific styles of Kung Fu. It'd take a little more work, but it would cancel the image Kung Fu has gained as some sort of secret weapon that can be pulled out of your hat as long as you were given wisdom by Shaolin priests.

James F. Kearns
2402 3rd Street
Apt 204
Santa Monica, CA 90405

Sorry we had to cut so much from your lengthy letter, Jim, but space just wouldn't permit printing it all. Still, we think that you've brought up some valid points that need airing here in the great gathering place for Martial Arts admirers. And if you may have noticed, your opinions about the amount of action are somewhat at variance with those of Ronnie Blair, expressed elsewhere on this selfsame letters page. So what'll it be, folks? As always at mind-boggling Marvel, the decision is yours to make. Do it!



READERS' FORUM

An area I feel *DEADLY HANDS* to be especially weak in is that of movie and book reviews. With notable exceptions, they have been wretched. I'm not against critiques—in fact, I'm for them. But that's just it. Recounting the entire plot of a Kung Fu film or novel is not reviewing it... rather, it is boring and unprofessional on your part. A brief synopsis of the major plot elements, and a critical analysis with a strong basis in the author's own convictions: *that's* a review. Please give us more of them.

T. Gortel
(no address given)

Well T., while some of our early reviews may have been at fault for the very reason you indicate, we feel that of late they have been upgraded and no longer are deserving of such criticism, as proven by those which appear in this issue.



Dear Gang,

Regarding *DEADLY HANDS* #3, I feel the comics stories in the magazine are its *only* strength and the articles about the martial arts are weak and unnecessary. The artwork by Giordano, McLaughlin, Gulacy and Milgrom is superb and would definitely look a hundred times better in color.

Concerning the cover by one Neal Adams, do I see Stan Lee and Roy Thomas among the flying fists and feet? Ah... Neal, did you really think you could sneak it by?

Send Doug Moench my best wishes for his great story "Web of Bleeding Vipers." Also, tell Gerry his story was beautiful, he really made the "Sons of the Tiger" come to life.

Please forget about giving karate instruction in the pages of your magazine. People will read this and believe they know karate or Kung Fu just because they read it somewhere; they don't understand how much work is involved to learn—let alone master—the techniques of the Martial Arts. One must be taught by a living person who can observe mistakes. Fill your magazine with entertainment and not lessons.

Chad Goyette
4401 Clark Avenue
Long Beach, CA 90808

Dear Sirs:

We have read the first three issues of *DEADLY*



HANDS and find it very interesting. We especially enjoy your articles on the Martial Arts stars and the movies.

We are three girls whose boyfriends are Martial Arts freaks. None of us practices karate, but we all enjoy the films; our favorite actor is David Chiang.

We know that David Chiang is a former stuntman. In 1973, he was named best actor in the 19th Asian Film Festival for his performance in *THE BLOOD BROTHERS*. He also won the Asian Movie King award in '70 for his acting in *VENGEANCE*. We think with his background, David Chiang deserves at least mention in your magazine. An article on the personal life of Chiang would please us very much.

Thanks for a very good magazine!

3 Long Island Girls

Well, girls, David Chiang has now been mentioned in *DEADLY HANDS*, but is that enough to stop us in our eternal quest for peace, truth, oneness and the approval of our readers? No! We'll go even farther than that—far enough to see what can be done about getting together an article on the redoubtable Mr. Chiang. And if we have any success, you'll see it right here in the steel-smashing (!) pages of *DEADLY HANDS*. We aim to please.

Until next time, in the words of a famous old master, "boogaloo."

READERS' POLL

Yes, it's true:

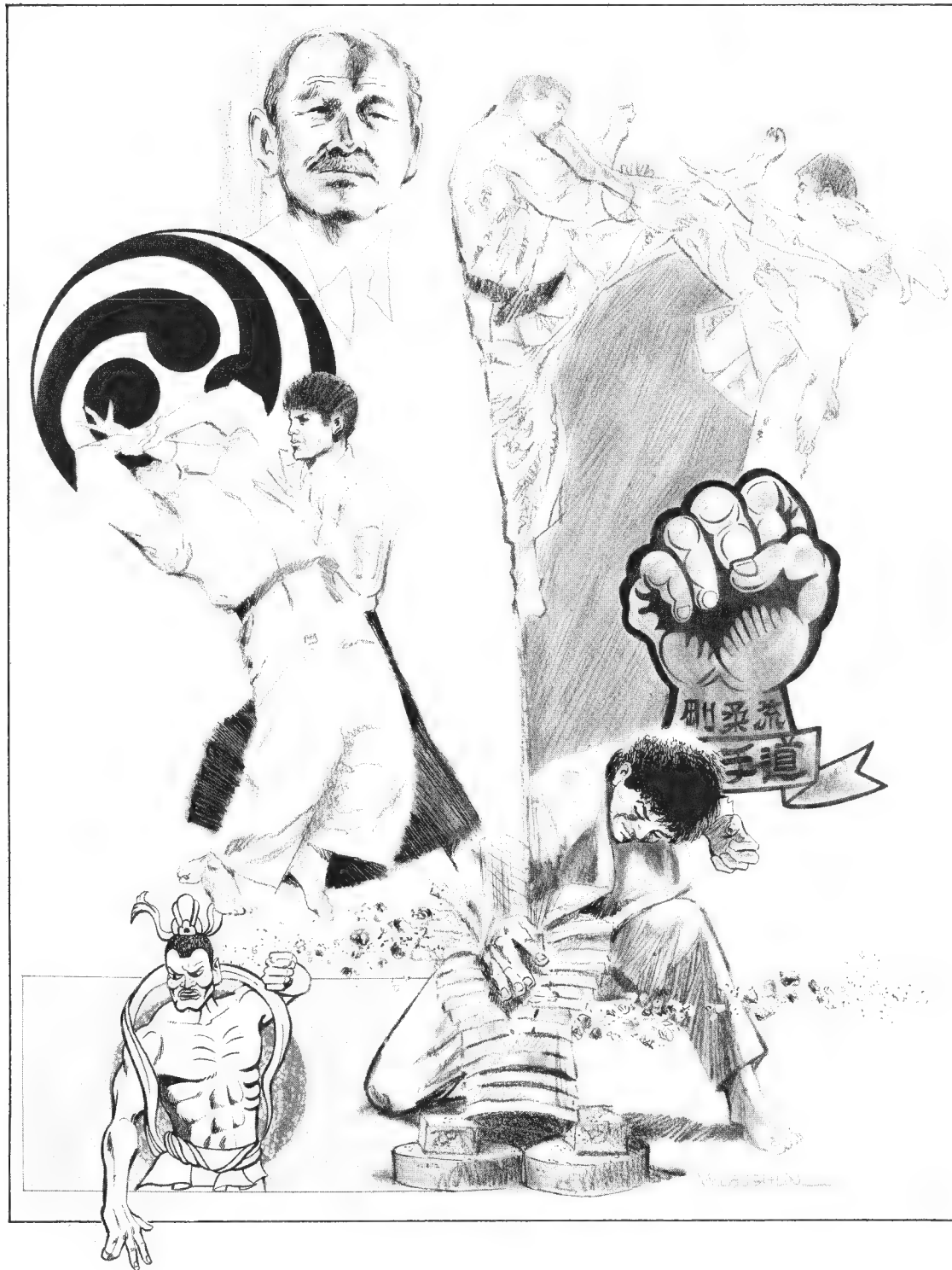
- 1) "Web of Bleeding Vipers" by Doug Moench, Paul Gulacy and Al Milgrom—starring *Shang-Chi*, son of Fu Manchu, tied with:
- "The Trail of the Ninja" by Gerry Conway, Dick Giordano and Frank McLaughlin—another adventure of the *Sons of the Tiger*.
- 2) "Angela Mao: A New Superstar Rises" by J. David Warner.
- 3) "The Dragon Has Entered" (part two) by Don McGregor—the middle section of an in-depth analysis of the Bruce Lee movie.
- 4) "Sweep Your Way to Victory" by Frank McLaughlin, a bit of instruction in the ol' Deashi Heral.
- 5) "BLACK BELT JONES"—a movie review by ye ed Tony Isabella, and immediately following it is:
- 6) *UNDER THE PAGODA*: "The Golden Gate of China" by J. David Warner.

You, too, can vote for your favorite features in this phenomenal fifth issue—just rate 'em as you see 'em and post the results to:

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

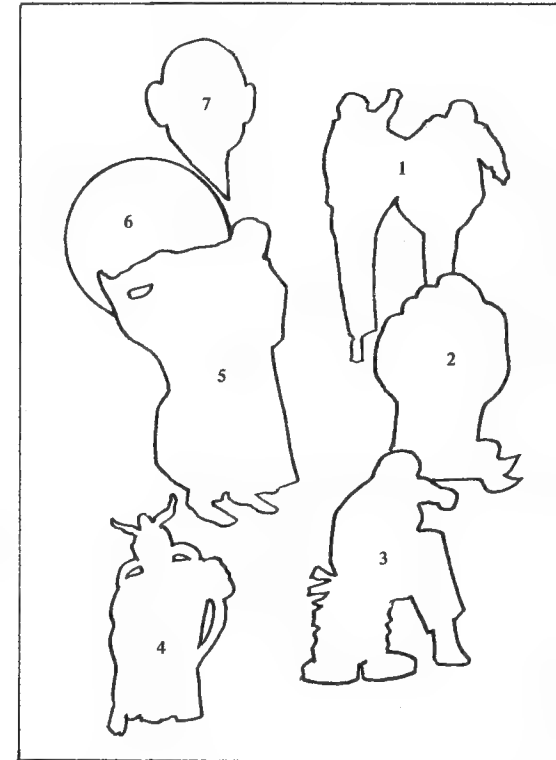


Kung Fu vs Karate:



Which is Better?

By Frank McLaughlin
Head Instructor—Westport, Conn. YMCA



- 1 Free sparring — called **KUMITE** in Japanese karate styles.
- 2 The insignia of the goju style of karate. Modeled after the iron fist of its founder Chojun Miyagi.
- 3 An example of karate tameshiwari.
- 4 Ancient Indian statue depicting a technique probably used by the palace guards.
- 5 Aikido technique where the defender deflects his attacker's strength and returns it against him.
- 6 The magical sign **TOMOYE** — which symbolizes the movement of the elements in a state of perpetual becoming.
- 7 Professor Jigoro Kano, founder of judo in the late 1800's.

The inevitable question that is asked by the new Martial Arts student goes something like this: "Could a karate man defeat a boxer in a fight?" or "Of all the Martial Arts, which one is best?" A better understanding of the Martial Arts would help settle the dispute that is sure to follow.

Despite the fact that there are a great number of defense forms and styles, they all seem to have a common base of foundation underlying each particular style. This common influence is *Zen Buddhism* which can be traced back through history to karate's most distant origin about 3000 B.C. Buddhist statues from ancient India give us some idea of what combat techniques were practiced at that time. This form of Indian boxing reached China through the effort of the Buddhist monk Bodhidharma. In an effort to unite certain Chinese Buddhist sects prevalent in China during the sixth century, he undertook a most perilous journey. Travelling alone and on foot, he covered a distance of some six thousand or so miles across the Himalayan Mountains, battling wild beasts and wild men alike all along the way. Upon his arrival in Honan Province, China, he immediately established the Shaolin monastery amidst a great shroud of secrecy which has enveloped it to this day.

Bodhidharma, through Zen Buddhism, had developed such a high level of physical, spiritual and mental

development that his students at the monastery were amazed at his feats of strength and stamina. His teachings of Zen combat quickly spread throughout China and Korea where they took the form of kempo karate. As the Arts spread to Japan, they became the old forms of Jiu Jutsu, where as in Thailand and Okinawa the forms evolved as Thai boxing and Okinawa-Te.

The underlying Zen influence prevailed throughout, and each system developed a code of honor designed to outline the behavior of students. One such set of rules was set up by the monk Chueh Yuan as follows:

1. A student must practice regularly without interruptions.
2. Karate must be used only for defense.
3. Courtesy must be shown to all teachers and elders.
4. Kindness, honesty and friendliness practiced at all times.
5. The Art is not to be shown to the common people even if it involves refusing a challenge.
6. A Boxer must never be bellicose.
7. Wine and meat are never used.
8. Sexual desire must be repressed.
9. Boxing should only be taught to the level headed who show gentleness and mercy.
10. One must eschew aggressiveness, greed and boasting.

Since karate is really a way of life, these rules are in



When Jigoro Kano founded judo, he left out the violent aspects of ju jutsu. A good example of this can be seen in the throwing techniques **O SOTO GARI OR MAJOR OUTER REAP**. The older ju jutsu form called for the thrower to strike his opponent's knee at the side with his foot. In the modified form of judo (gentle way), the opponent is leaned toward his weakness and the thrower strikes the back of his knee with the back of his own knee. It has now become a safe variation on a ju jutsu technique that originally was designed to seriously injure your opponent.

essence the ten commandments of Kung Fu and should be observed by all participants. The idea of a Kung Fu man or a Martial Arts master of any kind taking on a boxer of a wrestler in a fight to the finish goes against the teachings of Chueh Yuan.

The appeal of the Martial Arts lies in the demonstrations of techniques. The brick-breaking aspects of karate, for example, have set off potential students in search of these skills for themselves, only to fall prey to the crass commercialism of *some* schools. This happens to far too many in search of technical prowess alone. The true spirit of karate goes much deeper. The Shotokan style of karate has much to offer because of its strict adherence to principle. Personal deportment and physical and mental control are quite evident in the Shotokan style. Their regard for the safety of their opponent in a match is in the highest tradition of Zen combat.

Of course, there are many such examples in other karate styles as well as in other systems of defense. As modern weapons replaced the old, interest in the Martial Arts waned badly. The Budo warrior of Japan... that original knight in shining armor... fell prey to the technological advancements of warfare. Along with him went a great deal of the true spirit of the Arts, perhaps a much more unfortunate event.

Jigoro Kano, a student of jiu-jutsu in his youth, breathed life into the Martial Arts. Around 1880, he devised a way of utilizing jiu-jutsu techniques in a sport which he called judo. He took the violent aspect out of jiu-jutsu and modified the various throws so that the competitive spirit could be practiced with safety.

This competitive aspect of the Martial Arts created world-wide appeal and paved the way for karate as a sport. As the interest grew, so did curiosity. People wanted to know more about the history and other related facts about the Martial Arts. What we have now is a renaissance of sorts, where interest is not only in judo and karate but also ancient systems of weapons, jiu-jutsu, Kung Fu, and even the non-competitive forms such as tai chi and aikido.

Students of the goju style of karate can sum up what their code of honor means to them in a minute. At the conclusion of their daily training they recite in unison the guiding principles of their style. "We who are studying karate do aspire to these virtues:"

1. We are proud to be studying the spirit of goju.
2. We shall always practice courtesy.
3. We shall be quick to seize opportunity.
4. We shall always be patient.
5. We shall always keep the fighting spirit of karate.

'Nuff said



THE MAJESTY AND MAYHEM OF THE MARTIAL ARTS CAN NOW BE YOURS!

(Translation: Subscribe now while the subscribin's good!)



Illustration by Rick Hoberg

Yes, grasshopper, you can be one of the valued few who will ever be allowed to subscribe to **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU** (and its forthcoming companion magazine, **IRON FIST**). These magazines will not be offered to just anybody, you know. You have to be between the ages of 1 and 101. You have to be either male or female or something in that general vicinity. You must live on or about the planet Earth. Finally, you must send us a check or money order for the correct amount. If you are one of the handful of mortals that meet these qualifications, then you can subscribe. Yea, not only to our Martial Arts masterpieces, but to **CRAZY**, **DRACULA LIVES**, and any of the magazines listed in this convenient coupon. The future can be yours. Subscribe now!

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU

MARVEL MAGAZINE GROUP, Subscription Dept.
575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Yes! I don't want to risk missing any more monsters (and any of your non-monster books as well). So here's my hard-earned bread (check or money order only) for:

TITLE	RATES		
	U.S.	CANADA	FOREIGN
SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN (six issues) ☐	6.50	\$ 7.50	\$ 9.50
PLANET OF THE APES (six issues) ☐	6.50	7.50	9.50
MONSTERS UNLEASHED (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
DRACULA LIVES (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
TALES OF THE ZOMBIE (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
VAMPIRE TALES (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
HUNT OF HORROR (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
SAVAGE TALES (six issues) ☐	5.00	6.00	8.00
MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES (six issues) ☐	6.50	7.50	9.50
DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU (twelve issues) ☐	10.00	18.00	16.00
CRAZY (seven issues) ☐	3.50	4.00	5.00

Name _____

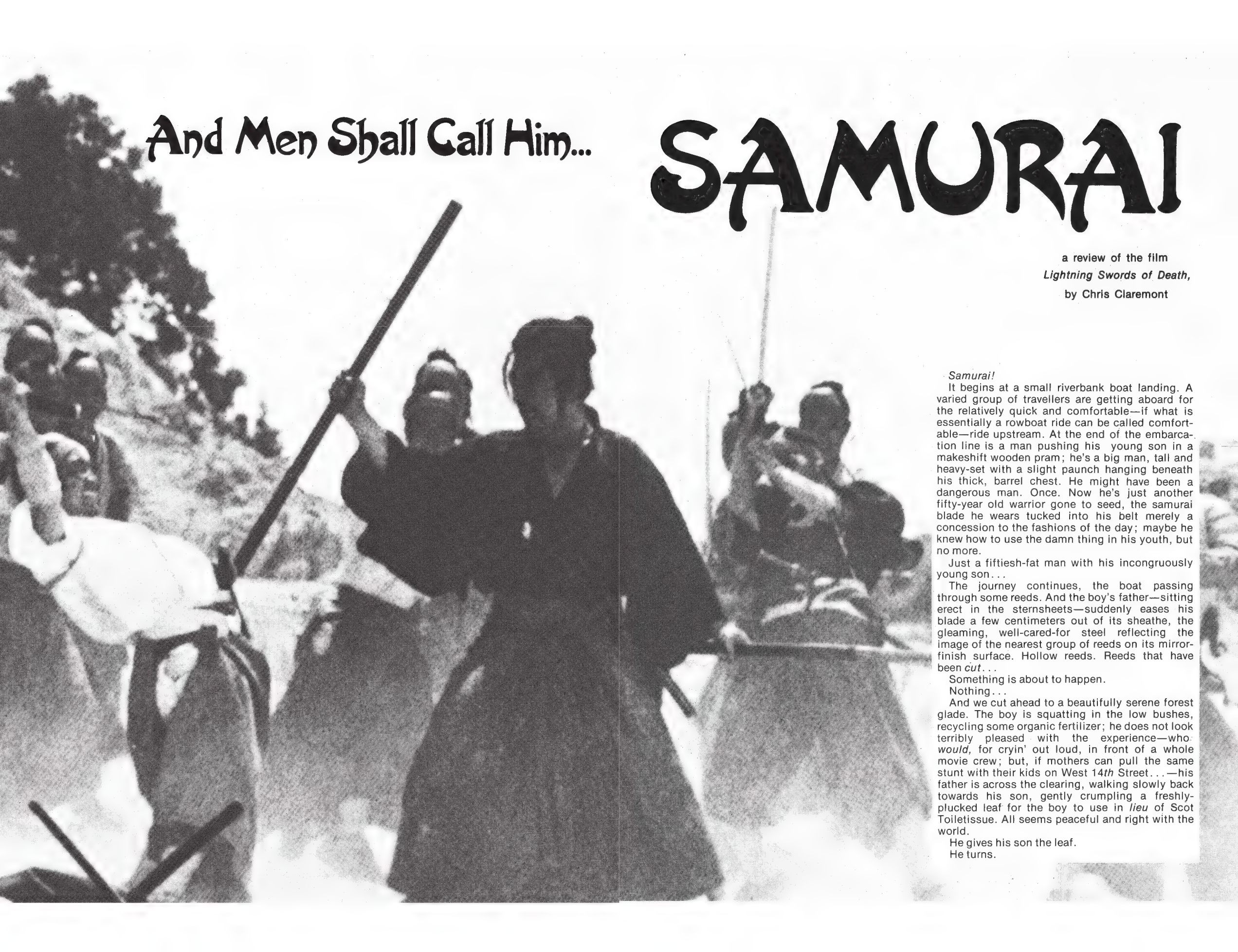
Age _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



And Men Shall Call Him...

SAMURAI

a review of the film
Lightning Swords of Death,
by Chris Claremont

Samurai!

It begins at a small riverbank boat landing. A varied group of travellers are getting aboard for the relatively quick and comfortable—if what is essentially a rowboat ride can be called comfortable—ride upstream. At the end of the embarkation line is a man pushing his young son in a makeshift wooden pram; he's a big man, tall and heavy-set with a slight paunch hanging beneath his thick, barrel chest. He might have been a dangerous man. Once. Now he's just another fifty-year old warrior gone to seed, the samurai blade he wears tucked into his belt merely a concession to the fashions of the day; maybe he knew how to use the damn thing in his youth, but no more.

Just a fiftiesh-fat man with his incongruously young son...

The journey continues, the boat passing through some reeds. And the boy's father—sitting erect in the sternsheets—suddenly eases his blade a few centimeters out of its sheathe, the gleaming, well-cared-for steel reflecting the image of the nearest group of reeds on its mirror-finish surface. Hollow reeds. Reeds that have been *cut*...

Something is about to happen.

Nothing...

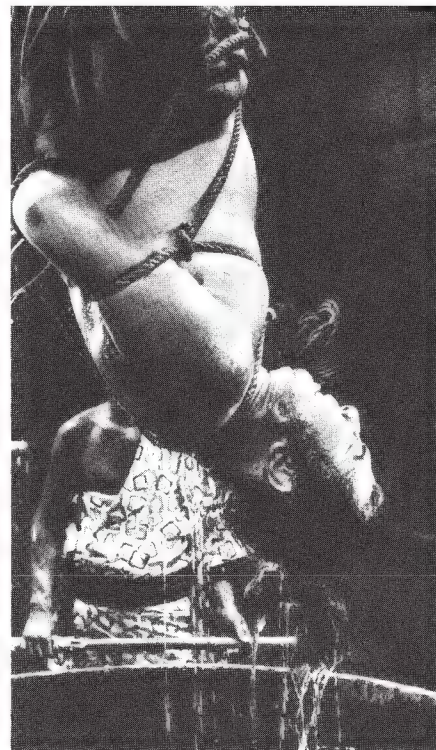
And we cut ahead to a beautifully serene forest glade. The boy is squatting in the low bushes, recycling some organic fertilizer; he does not look terribly pleased with the experience—who-*would*, for cryin' out loud, in front of a whole movie crew; but, if mothers can pull the same stunt with their kids on West 14th Street...—his father is across the clearing, walking slowly back towards his son, gently crumpling a freshly-plucked leaf for the boy to use in *lieu* of Scot Toilettissue. All seems peaceful and right with the world.

He gives his son the leaf.

He turns.



Goh Kato, starring in *LIGHTNING SWORDS OF DEATH* as a disgraced Samurai, whose only goal in life... is an honorable death!



To save a young woman from slavery, Ogami Itto (Tom Wakayama) almost sacrifices his own life.

The sword is in his hand, three brilliantly fast slices executed, the sword returned to its scabbard, before one has registered the fact that he's drawn the damn thing. *Hmm*, the man is fast; but so what? He was just cutting air.

Or was he?

The camera cuts to another angle and one is suddenly not so sure anymore. Because the different angle has revealed three bamboo trees with slightly slanting cuts man-high on their trunks. The trees begin to fall, the scene shifting into 3/4-motion as three *ninjas* drop lightly out of their sniper perches on the trees and engage the Samurai in mortal combat. Again, the Samurai draws his sword; again, he uses only three moves. But this time, three men lie dead on the ground, not three chopped trees. And not just ordinary men, either; these were *ninjas*, the most deadly class of killer this world has ever seen, the most dangerous class of Martial Arts fighters known.

But the man they fought was Ogami Itto. And Ogami Itto was a Samurai!

And, with that stirring scene fresh in our minds, we are into the rock music theme of *Lightning Swords of Death*, Japan's latest entry into the Martial Arts maelstrom.

Samurai, you laugh; so what? Any decent Kung Fu hotcha can total ten Samurai with one hand tied behind his back. Look at Barry Chan and his bludgeoning bricks! Look at *Five Fingers of Death*! Remember the scene where the Samurai tried to zap the hero with his pig-sticker, and the hero *stopped* it, stopped the blade with inches to

spare and forced it back? Remember that?!

Got news for you, pilgrim. If that poor Kung Fu hotcha had been facing a true Samurai, a *Kurosawa* Samurai, an Ogami Itto, one twist of the wrist would've had that poor boy's hands on the floor, his arms ending in bloody stumps. And instead of *Five Fingers of Death*, you'd just have five dead fingers.

One does not cross a Samurai, oh best beloved, and live to tell the tale.

But, so you're not completely in the dark about the who- and what- of a Samurai, some background is in order. The Samurai is, literally, the Japanese equivalent of the western knight; he is a Warrior. Pure and simple. He can be a mercenary, hiring his sword to the highest bidder, or he can serve one lord all his life; either way, his sword is his soul and whoever holds that sword, holds the Samurai's life, loyalty, and honor. Deprive the Samurai of his sword, and the man has no choice but to commit *hara-kiri*, ritual suicide; because in truth, the man would have no more reason for living.

As for the sword itself, it is tempered steel folded over a core of soft iron—the steel to give it a cutting edge of incredible keenness, the iron to give the blade resilience, so that it would bend if forced and then return to its original shape, much like modern spring steel and memory plastics—it is usually one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half feet long, depending on the size of the Samurai wilding it (bear in mind that modern Japanese actors are a lot bigger than their real counterparts of four centuries ago; a true samurai sword used

to be considered large if it was two feet long). It has only one cutting edge and the natural curve of the blade makes it a beautiful *slicing* weapon. One does not play with a samurai sword; one slices enemies up like so much fish bait. A single cut is usually considered sufficient. In the hands of a master swordsman, it is more than enough.

Surely you jest. *One slice? One slice.* Because we are dealing with a *cutting* edge so sharp that if one were to touch the honed blade of a samurai sword with one's finger, one would not realize one *had* touched the blade until one's finger was lying on the floor. It is *that* sharp!

Which brings us back to Ogami Itto and the three dead *ninjas*.

Lightning Swords is the second of Katsu Productions' *Wolf with A Child* trilogy, the story of Ogami Itto—who was once the Shogun's Lord High Executioner—until the envious Yagyu Clan framed him for the murder of his wife. The Shogun drove Ogami Itto from his court, forcing the disgraced Samurai to wander the length and breadth of Japan with his two-year-old son, Daigoro, offering his sword to whoever would pay for his services, up to and including assassination. Which is what this little story is all about...

To continue...

We cut 'way ahead now, to a roadside refreshment stand (such as they were in those days) and a quartet of itinerant Samurai. The renowned, infamous Tokyo Trio. The Terrible Trio is bored, bitching into their saki cups because it's a hot day and there's no fun around to help pass away the time. Namely, no women.

Then, lo and behold, along come some women. *Action stations, lads!* Off gallops the Triple Threat, huffing and puffing, half-dressed, half-armed, their companion embarrassed at even being in the same country with them, let alone on the same road.

There is a rape scene.

The woman's servant tries to stop them, and the silent Samurai (Goh Kato) guts him with one slice. The Three M dudes are a bit mystified—what'd he do that for?—they're even more confused when he tells the women to close their eyes. His sword lashes out and the women are dead too.

Now for retribution. One of the three slovenly Samurai must die; the double-rape, triple-murder will be pinned on him, the others claiming that they came along too late to do anything but gut the villainous perpetrator. The slovenly Samurai are understandably reluctant to agree to *Kato's* plan; *that's okay, Kato* tells them, *either I kill one of you or I kill you all.* They draw lots. The short straw chickens out. He runs for it.

Kato slices him open right in front of Ogami Itto and Daigoro.

Oops.

Another witness.

Kato apologizes but he's going to have to kill Itto, too; he hopes Itto will understand; it just doesn't look right if a Lord's Samurai go around chopping the very people they're supposed to protect. And if the Samurai are disgraced, their Lord is disgraced; and Samurai honor will not allow that. So, Itto must die.

The two remaining slovenly Samurai start



Ogami Itto. Once, he had been the Shogun's executioner. Now, he wanders the length and breadth of Japan with his son, Daigoro, seeking his destiny.



In the climactic, bloody finale of *LIGHTNING SWORDS OF DEATH*, Ogami Itto takes on an army, single-handedly!

kibbitzing on the sidelines, calling Itto names and ignoring Kato's warning that they are no match for the Shogun's former executioner. Itto calmly cuts them to pieces with two fast swings of his blade and looks back at Kato: *pardon me; you were saying?*

Kato challenges him to duel.

The two men move off the road and prepare themselves. Kato offers to take care of Daigoro, should Kato kill Ogami Itto this day. Itto merely looks at him and says, *I wouldn't worry about that if I were you.*

And you know, man...

Ogami Itto breaks off the duel and goes on his way, leaving a dumb-founded Kato in his wake.

Now, for those of you who've been counting, *Lightning Swords* has racked up a body count of nine since the opening credits; it broke *thirty* before I stopped counting.

Anyway, a lot of bodies get strewn about the landscape before we get to the final reel. Only to discover that what we've been sitting through has been no more than a meagre prelude to a bloody carnage that has not been equalled since the last issue of *Conan*.

Ogami Itto takes on a whole hundred-plus man army. And he *wins!!*

Picture this:

Ogami Itto and Daigoro are trucking out the only pass outa town, having zettzed most of the local opposition. Now, the local Lord is afraid Ogami Itto is holding a contract on him—which he is—so he's called out literally ever man who can carry a sword to kill this supposedly unkillable Killing Machine.

Ogami Itto wheels Daigoro's pram—with Daigoro inside—up a small pass, the pass opening at the far end to form a small amphitheatre. Ogami Itto is in the center of the amphitheatre; the baddies are on the rim, looking down on him. They have the men, the firepower, the high ground; they are unbeatable.

They should have quit while they had the chance.

The archers fire their arrows. And Ogami ducks behind the pram, which has suddenly sprouted a steel-plate-armor front end. The arrows bounce off harmlessly.

Hm. Nifty little pram, that; just the thing for walkin' your kids 'round New York in.

Now it's the riflemen's turn. But Ogami isn't waiting for that. He swivels the pram around, pulls a lanyard, and—*hooboy!*—it turns out that the little devil of a Corruptive Plaything has bamboo recoilless rifles set into its side frames. Bamboo rifles that can shoot explosive charges two hundred meters, *uphill*, with enough accuracy to wipe out all the guys with rifles (the shells get a few other dudes, as well, but primarily, it wipes out the riflemen, the only ones could really threaten Ogami at long range).

So, having no other alternative, the local Lord, in the tried-and-true tradition of the late, lamented *Mr. Man*, sits up on his horse and yells, *Everyone Attack!!!*

Everyone does.

Ogami breaks some more bamboo off the pram; these smaller blocks turn out to be hand grenades. Scratch more baddies. Then, he snaps two side-poles off the chassis, pulls a hidden

catch, snaps them together, and he's armed with an eight foot spear. When that runs out of steam, he snaps the pole back into two sections and uses 'em both, one in each hand.

Then, finally, when he's totalled about a third of the guys who charged down the hill after him, he draws his sword.

It is incredible!

Anyway, Ogami Itto cuts these poor benighted souls to ribbons. He moves through their ranks like a deadly wraith, a ballet master, an artist practicing his craft. He never stops and they never touch him. In minutes he is covered with more blood than Conan's ever seen in his lifetime—none of it his—as heads go flying, arms go flying, guts go flying; his sword seems to stroke the men it kills and it's only after the stroke is finished that one realizes how deeply the blade actually bit. Indeed, it seems to take a while for some of the deaders to realize that they're mortally wounded.

It is a battle and a half.

And when it is over, Ogami Itto stands alone.

Except for *Goh Kato*. (The boy don't know when to quit.)

The duel must be finished. One of them must die.

They prepare—again—amid the carnage, this time for real. Kato strikes, Itto parrying, and for the first time in the movie, one hears the *tang* of steel on steel. Twice more their blades touch until the final parry... Itto twists away, his sword spinning in his hand, Kato's blade coming down in a vicious stork that slices Itto's right shoulder blade open all the way down his back like a razor blade on vellum. And one can only think, *ohmigod, he's killed Ogami Itto!*

And that's what Kato thinks for a moment, until Ogami Itto turns around, his hands empty, and Kato realizes just what is sticking out of his lower abdomen.

Modesty Blaise knew that trick. Take a minor wound in order to deliver a mortal one to your enemy. If it's done right, it can be a very effective move (if done *wrong*, of course, it can kill you!); Ogami Itto performed it with supreme precision.

And, so, with *Goh Kato's* death, the film closes on the second third of Ogami Itto's wandering life.

There's a lot more to the film, of course; space has forced me to omit two or three major subplots, some character sketches, most of the nice bits. But whoever came away from a review satisfied, right? I mean, if I told you everything, why go see the *fershlugger* film? Because this is a film you should go see.

With qualifications, of course.

It's beautifully photographed film, employing a myriad of cinematic tricks to involve the viewer as much as possible in the ethos and reality of feudal Japanese/Samurai life and tradition.

And here we come up against a major difference between Run Run Shaw's hack Martial Arts products and Japanese counter-parts like *Lightning Swords*; the former deal solely in terms of action, as many thrills, chills, etc., as humanly possible in a ninety-minute time slot; to hell with



The odds were one-hundred-to-one against Ogami Itto. To these killers, he looked like easy meat...



...after all, they thought, what had a hundred men to fear from a fifty-year-old Samurai gone-to-seed?



What indeed?

plot, literacy, cinematography, effects, sets, acting, you name it. They also lack, for want of a better term, a *theme*. A *raison d'être* other than the fast buck. These Japanese Samurai flicks are way different. They deal—or attempt to deal—with the *Ethos* of the men-who-wore-swords, the Samurai; the *what-* and *why-* of these men and the lives they led. They are films with some substance, some meat.

And it shows.

For example, when a flashback illustrates a particularly lousy execution out of Ogami Itto's past—from his days as Lord High Executioner—it is done in stark black-and-white, with a pristine glow to the scenes that reminds one of the final scenes of *2001*. The slow motion work is also very well done, rarely leaving any questions in one's mind as to who is chopping whom, and just *how* they're doing it.

As for the direction, the film moves quite well, with very few slow spots to distract our attention.

Don't get the idea that *Lightning Swords* isn't an action film; it *is*, and then some—I'd say it contains more raw action than most of your run-of-the-mill Kung Fu bangers—but it's action couched within a viable premise. Your average Kung Fu flick involves some bad guys wrecking our hero's Martial Arts school, or roughing up his old teacher, or roughing up his friends—or



When the dust settled, Ogami Itto stood alone. Alone, save for Goh Kato, who had sworn the older Samurai's death...

occasionally, there's a World War thrown in as a pleasant change-of-pace—something that is essentially a gimmick, designed solely to propel the hero, and the viewer, into the thick of the action from the word, "Go!"

Not so, here.

Ogami Itto is a paladin figure, a wanderer, a Lancelot disgraced and thrown out of Camelot, fair game now for the men who have envied and hated him all his life—which explains the *ninjas* that try to 'hit' him early in the film—he is a man in search of... what? His lost honor? Vengeance? Riches? A good fight? The viewer does not know; Ogami Itto is an enigma at the opening of the film, and he remains one at the end. Which is kind of nice because it gives one something to think about—and when was the last time you could say the same about *Fists of Fury*?

Of course, like most quickie imports, *Lightning Swords* is crucified by some of the louisiest dialogue ever penned on paper. For example: *Goh Kato*, having been gutted by Ogami Itto, then proceeds to tell his executioner the story of his life; and of his own disgrace:

In attempting to defend his Lord and Master—and succeeding—*Kato* left his post, attacking the enemy rather than waiting for them to attack him, reasoning that if he didn't, he and his Lord would be slaughtered. In some brilliantly-



...and found his own, instead.

choreographed, 3/4-motion ballet moves, he totals the bandit opposition with almost no trouble at all. He saves his Lord's life. *But he left his post!* And for that desertion—regardless of how noble the intention prompting it—he was dismissed from his post in disgrace.

So what was the point? he asks Ogami Itto. What makes a good Samurai? I did my duty—I saved my Lord's life! Why was I disgraced??

(Remember, he's saying all this—and it takes longer than it reads, m'friends—with three feet of steel stickin' out of both ends of his tummy. How is hell did these people ever lose World War Two, anyway?!?!?!?)

A Samurai is a man who knows how to die, is the reply. And, had I been in your place, I would have done the same.

Anyway, *Lightning Swords* is a film of very good—often great—visual power, hamstrung far too often by a script that ranges from competent to execrable to hysterically funny. Which may be the fault of screenwriter *Kasuo Koike*; or it may be the fault of the clowns who dubbed it into English. Not speaking Japanese, I couldn't say for sure.

As for performances, *Tom Wakayama* does a very good job as the enigmatic, deadly Ogami Itto. He plays the role like John Wayne at his best, saying very little, but making what he does say

count (*I will take your head now*). *Wakayama* is a pleasure to watch, especially when his middle-aged fat man image disintegrates the instant he reaches for his sword; the man's size means next to nothing as he pulls off moves that—on screen, anyway—would put Rudy Nureyev to shame. (I say again, how *did* they lose that war, for cryin' out loud???)

Goh Kato, as the lean-and-hungry-disgraced-Samurai-in-search-of-an-honorable-Death, isn't as as effective as *Wakayama*, but it's not really his fault. Physically, he's pretty good—a trifle wooden in spots but infinitely more animated than your standard Kung Fu second banana—but every time he opens his mouth he gets zetzsed by his dialogue. It stinks. A similar fate awaits *Yuko Hama* as a female Samurai, who tries to kill Ogami, then seduce him, and finally ends up hiring him to kill someone else. Her dialogue stinks as well, hamstringing a fair performance.

So, all in all, *Lightning Swords of Death* is a film to be seen for its technical artistry, but one which lacks the pictorial sweep and imaginative scope of Kurosawa at his best. It's one worth seeing, so long that one doesn't go expecting the Olympian heights; if you don't, and if you don't mind litres upon litres upon *litres* of blood, you should enjoy yourselves.

What more could you ask for?

MANCHURIAN: A NAME
ONCE FEARED AND RE-
SPECTED IN OLD CHINA.
IT WAS BELIEVED THAT
A MEMBER OF THAT
HIERARCHY HAD POWER
OVER NOT ONLY THOSE
OF LOWER RANK, BUT
OF THE SPIRITS OF
THEIR DEAD AS WELL.

MEET TS'UI SHANG, SOON
TO BE CALLED MANCHURIAN.
HE IS A LONE MAN, NOT EASILY
RESIGNED TO THE IDEA OF
LIFE AT COURT. UNTIL NOW,
HIS TIME HAS BEEN SPENT IN
SECLUSION, PURSUING KNOW-
LEDGE AMONG THE CULTIVATED
TAOIST TEMPLES AND WITH
CERTAIN OTHER TEACHERS
RECOMMENDED BY HIS LATE
FATHER.

IT IS THE EVE OF HIS INHERITENCE.
HE SITS IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TWENTY
YEARS, AND HOLDS A LEGACY OF
TERRIBLE POWER.

THE CASKET OF HSIEN HANG!

TS'UI SHANG THINKS OF HIS LEGACY, HIS DUTY, HIS BURDEN. HE HAS KNOWN OF IT ALL HIS LIFE. THE MOMENT IS UPON HIM...



THE ATTACK COMES, AS WAS WRITTEN.

HE HAS ALREADY REACTED FOR THOSE SPECIAL TEACHERS WERE QUITE PROFICIENT IN THE MARTIAL ARTS.



THEY TAUGHT HIM HOW TO SURVIVE--FOR HE MUST SURVIVE AND PERHAPS EVEN KILL FOR HIS DUTY.



TS'UI SHANG HAS KILLED HIS FIRST MAN.



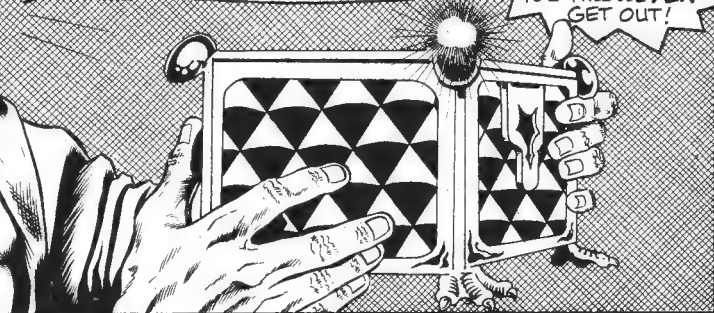
A MAN THAT DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS FACING MORE THAN JUST A HUMAN BEING.



IT HAD BEEN A WANTON DISPLAY, FOR HE KNEW WELL THE SUPER-NATURAL FEATS THE CASKET WAS CAPABLE OF.



HEAR ME, HSIEN HANG, YOU ARE ONE OF THE COUNTLESS SOULS FORCED TO SERVE ME! AS CREATOR OF THE CASKET, PERHAPS IT IS A FITTING PUNISHMENT FOR YOU.



WHEN I LEARN TO CONTROL THIS INSIDIOUS DEVICE, I SWEAR-- YOU WILL NEVER GET OUT!









YES, THE
CORPULENT ONE DID
MISS SOMETHING...



THE FACT THAT
SOULS ARE
INVISIBLE...
UNTIL THEY
INHABIT A
BODY!

NO! YOU MUST
SERVE ME! I-I AM
THE MAGISTRATE...

I THANK YOU FOR THIS
CHANCE TO SERVE, SO
SOON AFTER MY DEATH!
THE CASKET IMPRISONS THE
SCEPTER CONTROLS, AND A
SPIRIT ONLY HAS TO
SERVE ONCE!



COME, I'LL SHOW
YOU THE VALLEY
BY MOONLIGHT!

WHEN THE
CASKET IS
CLOSED, I
WILL BE FREE,
AND YOU WILL
FALL TO YOUR
DEATH!



HUMILITY IS
A THING
LEARNED BY
WISE MEN
IN THEIR
FIRST
DEFEAT...

FORGIVE
ME,
MASTER
KOW. I
HAVE
HEARD,
BUT I
DID NOT
UNDER-
STAND.

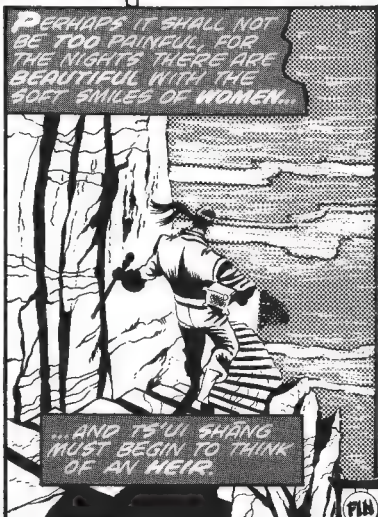


I WILL SERVE MY
DUTY... BUT IF I AM
POSSESSED,
WHO WILL
CLOSE THE
LID FOR
ME?



THREE DAYS HENCE IS THE
EQUINOX AND THE PROCESSION
OF SACRED ELEPHANTS.
TS'UI SHANG WILL RIDE BE-
HIND THE EMPEROR IN A PLACE
OF HONOR, TO THE FORBIDDEN
CITY Peking.

HE WILL KEEP A SECRET OF
HIS BURDEN AS HE SEARCHES
FOR A NEW TEACHER AMONG
THE WISE MEN OF THE CITY...



PERHAPS IT SHALL NOT
BE TOO PAINFUL, FOR
THE NIGHTS THERE ARE
BEAUTIFUL WITH THE
SOFT SMILES OF WOMEN...

...AND TS'UI SHANG
MUST BEGIN TO THINK
OF AN HEIR.

K'ING KUNG-FU

Article by David Anthony Kraft

A Review of the Series by Marshall Macao

Things move in cycles. This simple observation can be applied to many different levels of reality, including what is popularly known as the mass media. Trends in the past few years have ranged from secret agents to sword-and-sorcery to spaghetti westerns, with a great deal of good and bad material resulting in each field.

Generally, widespread interest in a particular subject is sparked by a single figure, be it a James Bond, Clint Eastwood or Bruce Lee, followed by a rash of entries into the genre—some of them slipshod, some not. Often the barrage of mediocre offerings causes the white-hot interest of the public to cool rapidly, although in almost every case they benefit from the production of worthwhile material, if they can find it amongst the rubbish. So it is with Kung Fu.

You're reading this magazine—that already illuminates you as a discerning fan of the Martial Arts. And in an attempt to bring you further information about the burgeoning Kung Fu field, we have given over a portion of each issue of **Deadly Hands** to the review of books and movies. Several paperback series have emerged in the wake of the Kung Fu movies and television show, among them *K'ing Kung Fu* by Marshall Macao.

The Venus Freeway Press has published four adventures of "the Son of the Flying Tiger" at the time of this writing, in uniform matched editions with covers by none other than Marvel's own premiere Conan Artist, *Barry Smith*. That alone makes the books a must for a very large portion of the Marvel readership. The prices, however—with the exception of the first volume, which is 95¢—are set at an inflationary \$1.25, which may dismay some potential readers.

Yet the series is suprisingly readable. As far as text fiction goes, Marshall Macao's series—and others like it, including the Executioner and Perry Rhodan—are modern "pulp" in paperback form. Because of the variety of titles—if nothing else—comic books are the present day newsstand equivalent of the bloody pulps which flourished during the 1930's and '40's, and which often featured such continuing characters as Doc Savage, The Shadow, G-8, and many another hero in novel-length adventures of quick-paced prose. The action flies equally as thick and fast in the K'ing Kung Fu stories.

There are even chapter titles, a rapidly-vanishing commodity in today's book world. But the prose itself—sometimes rather crudely cobbled together with short, choppy paragraphs that often consist of only one sentence, is a bit too bloody and too violent for my tastes—although it is in every sense evocative of the fast-moving Kung Fu flicks.

The first volume it titled, aptly enough, SON OF THE FLYING TIGER. It opens—as do all the books in the series—with a brief prologue in the form of a flashback to the days of Lin Fong, a Master of the Blue Circle and Chong Fei K'ing's mentor. There is a brief quote credited to Lin Fong, which deals with the matter of cycles, and which admonishes K'ing that "...all my fights, you must fight again."

The actual story opens in the Gobi Desert, where Chong Fei K'ing is studying under Lin Fong. There is a healthy portion of pseudo-Oriental wisdom, well written, with enough action for the most impatient reader. K'ing is actually the son of a pilot of the Flying Tigers, a squadron of Curtis P40C planes organized to defend Rangoon from the Japanese during the Second World War. He has his first introduction to bloody conflict when a Ghenghis Khan figure tries to kill Lin Fong, and in short order K'ing sees what the evils of opium have done to the Ton Te Ming tribe. Much of his master's lifelong battle has been against the insidious use of narcotics to exploit and control lives, and much of K'ing's own life will be devoted to that same goal.

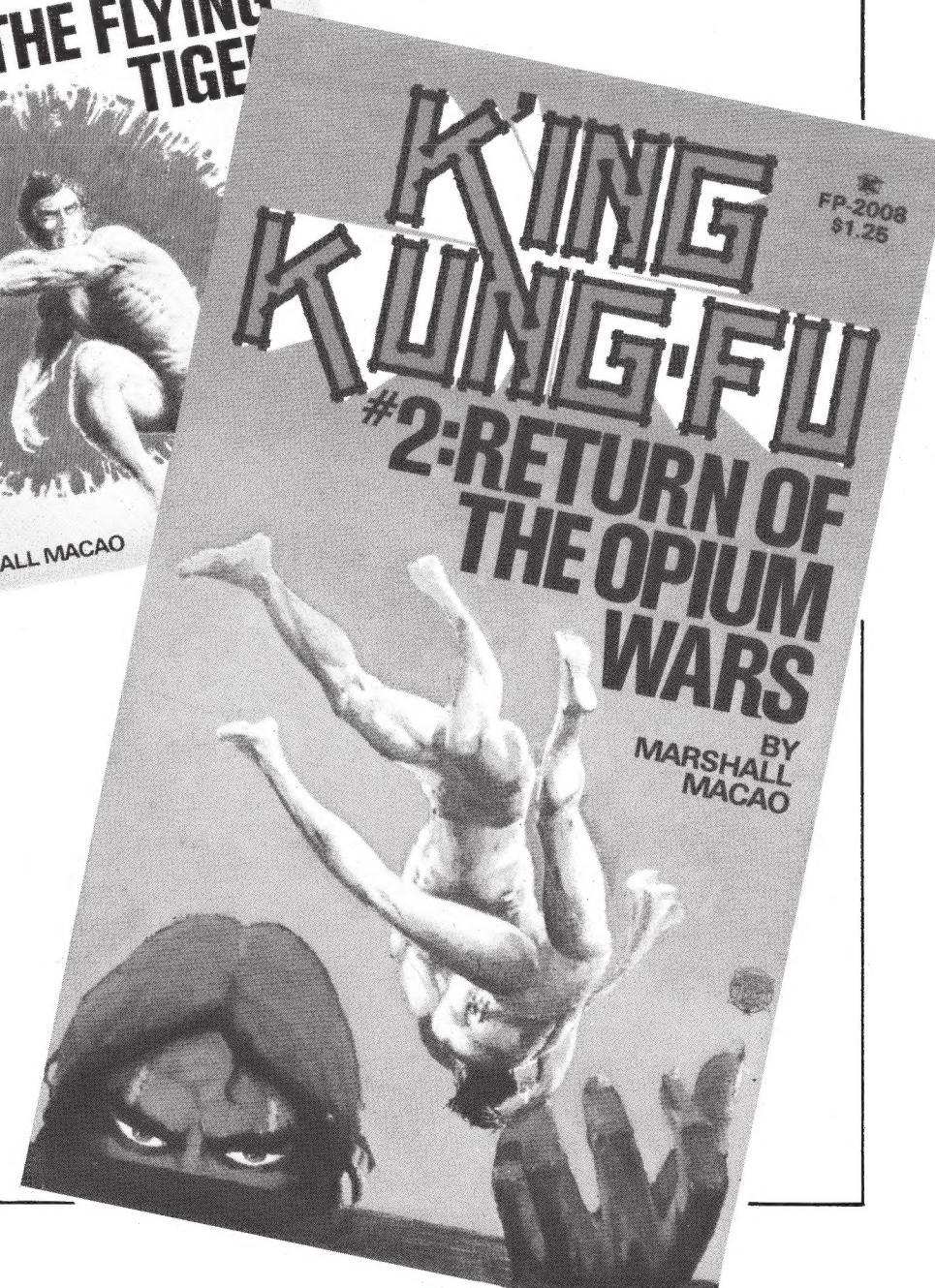
Soon, the Son of the Flying Tiger is joined by another student, Kak Nan Tang. Lin Fong tells them of Zamballah, a legendary city of perfection that fell into decline and hard times; essentially, it came to a battle of good versus evil. Translated as: the Blue Circle against the sorcerer Zedak and the Red Circle. And to this day, the Masters of the Blue Circle have struggled to bring the peace of the Tao—the peace of Zamballah—to the men of Earth, opposed through the ages by Zedak and his Red Circle.

However, after several years, the trio in the desert are called upon by a self-styled agitator known as Loki, who has come to confront Lin Fong. Kak eventually sides with the newcomer and kills his mentor with a gun, where upon a tremendous fight ensues between Kak and K'ing,



The first two novels in the series—with cover paintings by *Barry Smith*—introduced the reader to Lin Fong and his chief disciple/student, *Chong Fei K'ing*, the *Son of the Flying Tiger*, Kung Fu master supreme, and destined to become the Master of Earthly Center.

The fourth novel has the best Smith cover of the series—and the last, to date—as well as true love, violence, murder, mayhem, kidnapping, revolution, Kung Fu, sorcery, Chong Fei K'ing, the Moor—K'ing's closest friend and mentor—Kak Nan Tang, an Albino Kung Fu master, heroin, passion... you name it, this book has it. And, *boy*, is it fun to read!!!



during which each is driven to the very edge of exhaustion. SON OF THE FLYING TIGER ends unresolved.

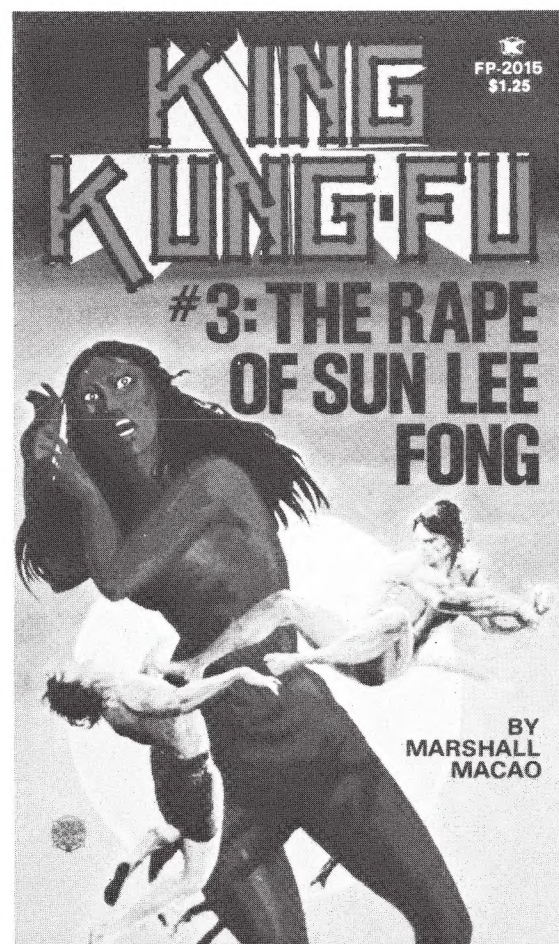
The next volume, RETURN OF THE OPIUM WARS, begins again, with the customary prologue—a flashback to events in the life of Lin Fong which parallel those which are to befall K'ing. There is an evil world-strangling society, the Red Circle, which was behind the attempts to keep China enslaved with drugs during the historical Opium Wars. Now they are at it again, and Kak Nan Tang has gone to join them. K'ing follows, and finds Sun Lee fong—the only survivor of a family whom Kak has viciously butchered in order to steal their boat.

Together, they follow Kak's bloody trail to Shanghai, where K'ing seeks out Hsiao, an old acquaintance of Lin Fong's who helps the Son of the Flying Tiger infiltrate an opium den. They are discovered, and the old man is killed. Chong Fei K'ing escapes, but Sun Lee is removed from Hsiao's house and taken captive by Kak. K'ing is contacted by the Moor—one of the eleven Masters of the Blue Circle—and the two manage to smash a smuggling attempt by the Red Circle which might have caused a return of the Opium Wars. The book ends rather abruptly, as—in another epic encounter—K'ing almost destroys Kak; yet once more the outcome of the battle is unresolved; Kak falls over the rail of a junk and K'ing is hit by two bullets. Sun Lee Fong, however, is saved.

But not for long. The next book is titled THE RAPE OF SUN LEE FONG, and chronicles further the saga of Chong Fei K'ing, who after recovering from his wounds continues his pursuit of Kak Nan Tang. You see, Sun Lee has been kidnapped by the Red Circle, who have marked her for opium slavery, sophisticated torture—and worse. K'ing must journey to caves hidden deep in Burma's Golden Triangle, where lies the Temple of Zedak, sorcerer of the underworld. At length, there is another violent battle between the two former students of Lin Fong, and K'ing leaves Kak Nan Tang alive, albeit an eunuch. Once more, Sun Lee has been rescued from a fate worse than death.

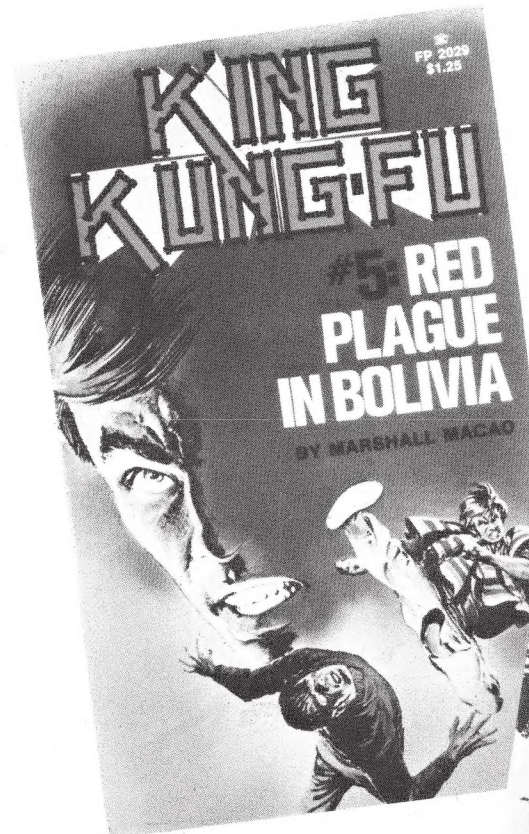
In the course of the story, Kak is revealed to be the son of Alfred Krupp, scion of the German industrialist family known for the manufacture of weapons of war. Increasingly emphasized, the essential conflict—the theme behind the novels—is shown to be between a man who believes in peace and harmony and one who has ceased to believe there is any such thing as good or evil, per se. It is, reduced to its bare bones, the story of the struggle of mankind.

For the KAK-ABDULLAH CONSPIRACY—which sports an exceptionally nice Smith cover that captures the almost-mythical flavor of the book—K'ing Kung Fu is called to Morocco by his friend, the Moor. A splendid African adventure, this addition to the series finds Kak and the sinister Red Circle involved in the white slave trade, stealing young girls to be put on the block in North Africa. There's a slightly larger cast of characters in this novel, which allows for more story; although there is certainly no less emphasis on action. There are flying fists and flashing feet a-plenty, and CONSPIRACY ends with the customary K'ing-Kak battle, in which yet again does the evil one escape.



In the third novel in the series, THE RAPE OF SUN LEE FONG, K'ing discovers his love for the beautiful Sun Lee Fong, beats up on most of the Red Circle population of Hong Kong, gets captured by the Red Circle, gets brainwashed—almost—and finds himself trapped inside a Red Circle stronghold deep in the Burmese mountains with his true love about to be married to his bitterest enemy, *Kak Nan Tang*, the murderer of Lin Fong. And, you ain't seen nothin' yet. . .

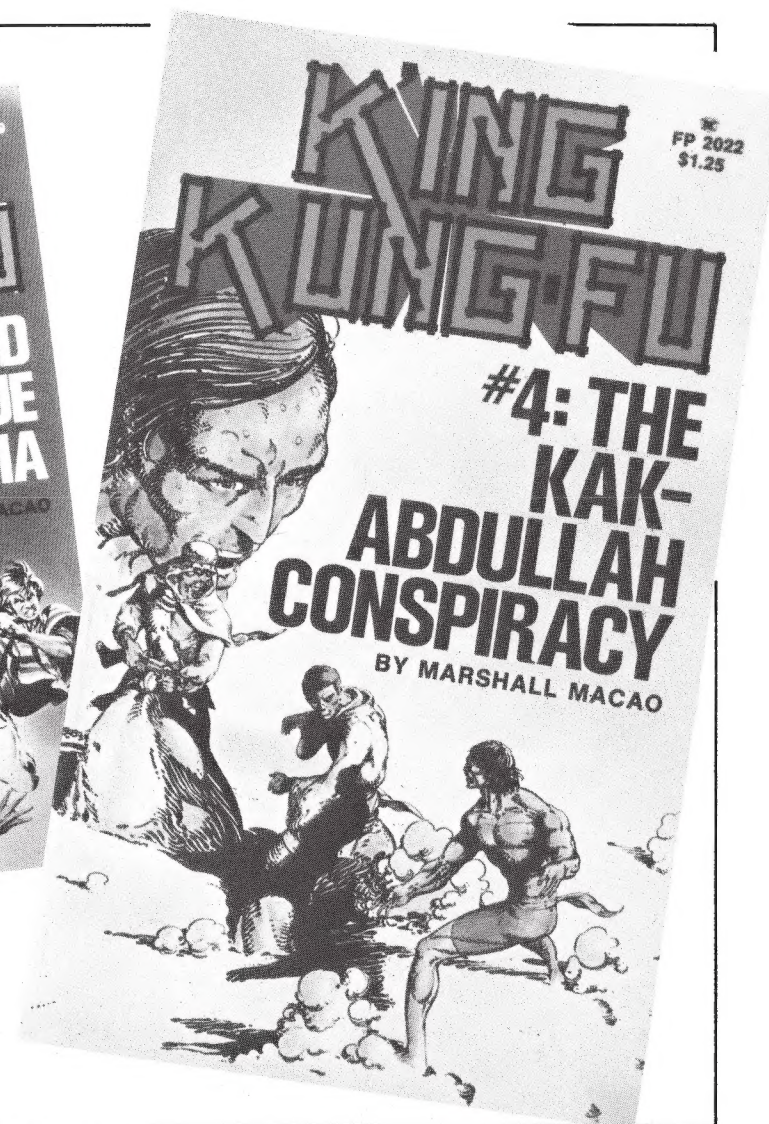
These stories contain a little of everything: black magic; sorcery; criminal and revolutionary organizations; Kung Fu; secret warring societies; even rays of forgetfulness! And plenty of raw, furious action. Marshall Macao (if that's a real person and not a pseudonym; these series are sometimes produced by several authors using a single "house name") has succeeded in blending all of these elements quite well, producing fast-paced, exciting books which are not precisely what one might predict from a simple look at



The last of the series—so far, that is—is the first with a cover by *Dick Giordano*. As you can see, it takes place in Bolivia and has something to do with plagues. Not Communist, though, despite the title. Something far more deadly than any Terrestrial philosophy. Kak Nan Tang and his Red Circle cohorts. And only *Chong Fei K'ing*, the *Son of the Flying Tiger*, can stop them.

the bare bones of his plots. Macao fleshes out his stories with an ample amount of skill.

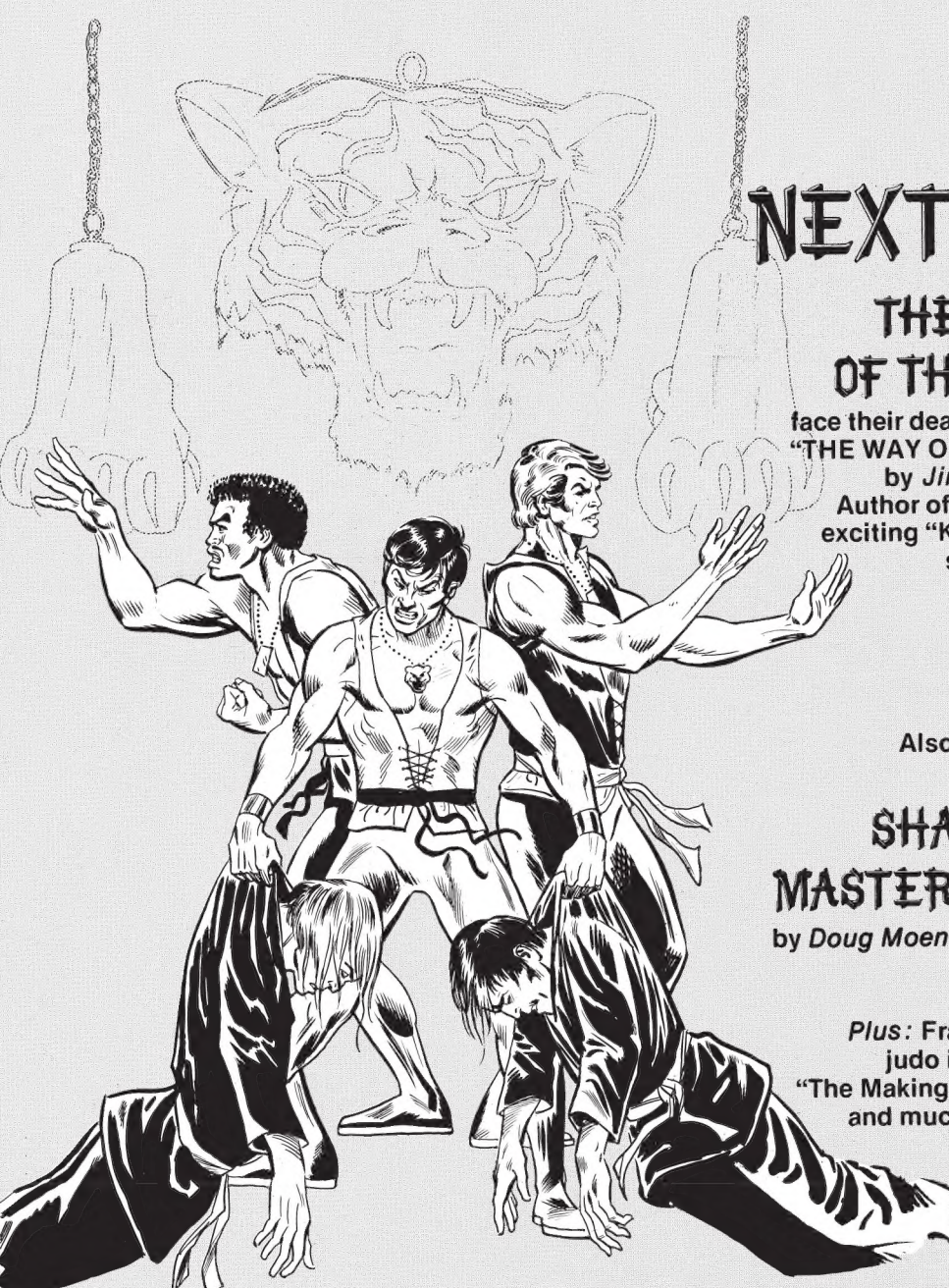
In many ways, the basic framework matches that of Marvel's ever-popular Dr. Strange—two pupils studying under a master, one good and one evil. Kak Nan Tang is, of course, the Baron Mordo of the series. And while K'ing practices Kung Fu rather than sorcery, still does he wage a long-running battle with the treacherous Kak, who is allied with Zedak, a sorcerer indentured to the dark forces of the underworld. There are many similari-



ties to be found. And yet, they are only surface resemblances—what Marshall Macao *does* with them is the important thing.

By drawing the parallels between the adventures of Lin Fong, the Master of the Blue Circle, and those of Chong Fei K'ing, his successor, and by the way the series is framed, with a vast secret society and a foe of equal skill and cunning to K'ing, Macao has carefully laid the groundwork for a long-lasting series of Kung Fu yarns. Whether it will endure, only time and you, the reader, may tell. Venus Freeway Press is planning further volumes in the saga, which will sport covers by another Marvel master, *Dick Giordano*. Thus far, they've succeeded where most other publishers of series books have failed, in printing attractive matching uniform editions of each title.

"Master replaces Master in the bodily cycle of living and dying... and all my fights, you must fight again." —Lin Fong.



NEXT ISSUE:

THE SONS OF THE TIGER

face their deadliest menace in
"THE WAY OF THE JACKAL"
by *Jim Dennis*
Author of Award Books'
exciting "Kung Fu Master"
series

Also starring:

SHANG-CHI, MASTER OF KUNG FU

by *Doug Moench* and *Mike Vosberg*

Plus: Frank McLaughlin's
judo instructions,
"The Making of a Kung Fu Star,"
and much, much more!

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU

ISSUE #6—ON SALE OCTOBER 1st



Shadowcat

